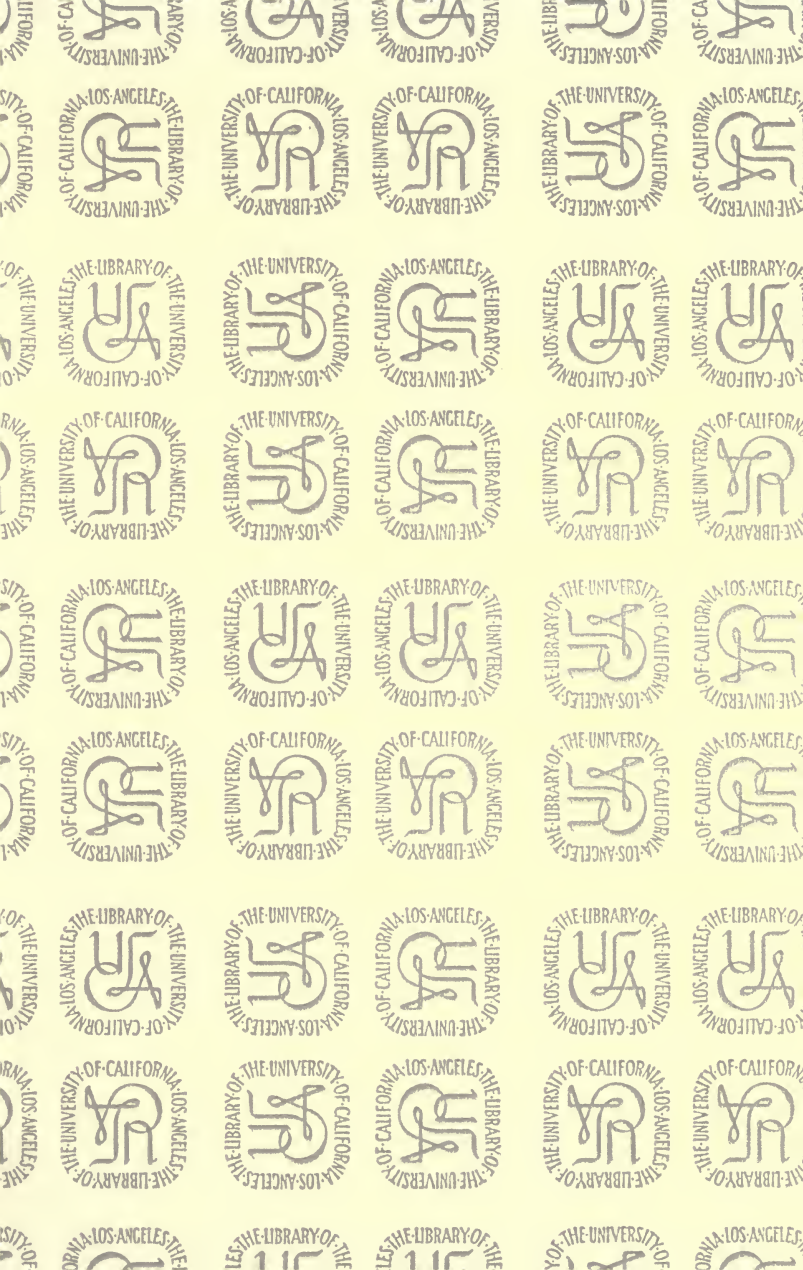


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Captivity of  
RICHARD BARD, ESQ.,

And His Wife,  
CATHARINE POE BARD,

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Collected from His Papers By His Son,  
HON. ARCHIBALD BARD,  
Together with an Interpolation by Joseph Pritts.

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INTRODUCTION BY  
G. O. SEILHAMER, ESQ.

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Chambersburg  
Conococheague Genealogical Society.

1904.



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## FOREWORDS.

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The following narrative of the captivity of Richard Bard and his wife by the Indians in 1758, and of their experiences and sufferings in consequence, is reprinted in part from "Loudon's Narratives," to which it was contributed by Judge Archibald Bard, a son of the captives, and in part from "Border Life," published by Joseph Pritts. Like many editors Mr. Pritts took liberties with the original version, substituting a prose account of Richard Bard's escape and return journey, written by himself, for the verses that were a part of the first publication. It will be observed that the Pritts interpolation is written as if it was a part of Judge Bard's narrative. In order to print both versions together I have divided the reprint into three parts, placing the Pritts interpolation between the beginning and the conclusion of Judge Bard's narrative.

G. O. S.

Chambersburg, Pa., 1904.

Source unknown 11-30-43  
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## INTRODUCTORY.

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The following account of Hugh Mercer's experience in the expedition of General Braddock against the French and Indians in 1755, is from Blake's Biographical Dictionary, 1838:

"He served with Washington in the war against the French and Indians which terminated in 1763, and was by him greatly esteemed. He was with Braddock in the campaign of 1755. At the action of Fort Duquesne he was wounded, and faint from the loss of blood, he lay under a fallen tree. One of the pursuing Indians jumped upon the very tree, but did not discover him. Mercer found a brook at which he refreshed himself. In his hunger he fed on a rattlesnake, which he had killed. After pursuing his solitary way through the wilderness of one hundred miles he arrived at Fort Cumberland."

Fourteen years before the appearance of this story Thomas J. Rogers in his "New American Biographical Dictionary," published at Easton, Pa., made similar mis-statements with an amplitude that showed the sources of his information. He made Mercer a sharer in Braddock's expedition and "the early companion in arms of the illustrious Washington," but he did not venture to make Fort Duquesne the scene of the action in which his hero was wounded and Fort Cumberland the goal at which the wandering and famished soldier arrived. Instead, he named Kittanning, where Mercer actually was wounded while serving with Col. Armstrong's expedition in 1756, as the place. "In this battle," Rogers says, "which terminated in the defeat of the Indians and the destruction of their town. General Mercer was severely wounded in the right arm, which was broken. Upon that occasion he narrowly escaped being taken prisoner, and being separated from his party, wandered a fortnight in the wilderness, slaking his thirst in the brook of the forest, and subsisting on the body of a rattlesnake which he had killed until he reached the settled country. Being a physician, he applied temporary relief to his wound. While wandering in the

woods, much exhausted from the loss of blood, and the want of proper food and nourishment, and surrounded by hostile savages he took refuge in a hollow tree which lay on the ground. In that situation he was, when many of the savages came up, and seated themselves upon the tree. They remained there some time, and departed without discovering that a wounded soldier and foe was near them. General Mercer then endeavored to return by the route in which the army had advanced, and, incredible as it may appear, he reached Fort Cumberland, through a trackless wild, of more than one hundred miles, with no other nutriment than that already mentioned."

From this story it will be seen that the Rev. J. G. Blake obtained his information from Rogers, while Rogers drew his inspiration from a versified account of the escape of Richard Bard from captivity in 1758, published in London's "Narratives," that antedated "Border Life." The most cursory inquiry into the sources from which Rogers obtained his alleged facts would have shown that the story was drawn from Bard's homely verses, written as long ago as 1760. From 1824, when Rogers' work appeared, not only Blake but nearly every writer that has attempted a biography of Mercer, however brief, has repeated the same false tale. Even Washington Irving in his "Life of Washington" accepts the story from Blake, making it a part of a vivid description of Braddock's defeat, but omitting the rattlesnake, as follows:

"Among the wounded survivors of the defeat, who found their way to Fort Cumberland, was Washington's friend and neighbor, Dr. Hugh Mercer. He had received a severe wound in his shoulder, and being unable to keep up with the fugitives, concealed himself behind a fallen tree. Thence he was a sad witness of a demoniac scene, which followed the defeat. The field was strewn with the dead and dying, and among them several gallant officers. White men and red men vied with other in stripping and plundering them; those who were still alive were dispatched by the merciless tomahawk, and all were scalped. When the plunder and massacre were finished, the victors set out for the fort, laden with booty, the savages bearing aloft the scalps as trophies, and making the forest ring

with their yells of triumph. Mercer then set out on a lonely struggle through the wilderness, guiding himself by stars and the course of the streams, and arrived at Fort Cumberland, almost exhausted by sickness, famine and fatigue."

This same story is repeated by Charles J. Peterson in a biography of Mercer, published in 1852, and it is perpetuated in Appleton's "Cyclopedia of American Biography," Peterson making him a captain under Washington in Braddock's Expedition, and the compiler for Appleton's going to the absurd length of saying that "he received a medal from the corporation of Philadelphia for his courage in this expedition."

It is surprising that these fictions should have been repeated from their inception in 1824 to the present time with almost unanimous approval, while no writer ever attempted to ascertain the truth in regard to Mercer's services in the French and Indian War. After fleeing to America upon the ending of the disastrous efforts of Charles Edward in Scotland, Dr. Mercer settled in the Conococheague Valley, where he practiced his profession until the savage onslaughts that followed Braddock's unfortunate expedition. That he was with that expedition there is no reason to believe. His name is not mentioned in any contemporary account of Braddock's march and defeat. If he had met with the romantic experiences attributed to him in so many later publications it is not likely that they would have escaped the contemporary chroniclers. That he was not in command of one of the Virginia companies is certain, and that he knew Washington personally at that time is unlikely. That Dr. Mercer was active in promoting measures for the protection of the Conococheague frontier in the autumn of 1755 and the winter of 1755-56 may be assumed, but we have no knowledge of his movements until March 6, 1756, when he was commissioned a captain in the service of the province of Pennsylvania. From that time until his removal to Fredericksburg, Va., after the close of the French and Indian War, in 1765, the sources of information concerning him are ample and trustworthy.

It is probable that Dr. Mercer's military service began

under George Croghan at Aughwick, where Croghan built a stockade in October and November, 1755. On the 12th of November Croghan reported that he had forty men at his stockade at Aughwick. On the 18th of December Croghan was commissioned a captain in the Provincial service, and a few days later he was supplied by the province with arms, ammunition and blankets, including two "blunder bushes," swivel guns. In March, 1756, he turned these arms and material over to his successor, Captain Mercer, and a stronger fort having been erected at Aughwick by direction of Governor Morris, to which Morris gave the name of Fort Shirley, Mercer had command of it until the march of Colonel Armstrong's expedition against Kittanning in August, 1756.

After the capture of McCord's fort in the Cumberland Valley and the defeat of Captain Culbertson at Sideling Hill early in April, 1756, Captain Hans Hamilton, who was in command of Fort Lyttleton, sent an express to Fort Shirley, asking Dr. Mercer to come to the succor of the wounded, but fearing that Mercer could not leave his fort in the conditions that then existed Hamilton also sent to Carlisle for Dr. Prentice. It is probable that Captain Mercer obeyed the summons, as on the 18th of April he was at Carlisle, trying to fill up his company to sixty men. A letter that he wrote to Governor Morris from Carlisle, April 18, 1756, is an interesting bit of autobiography. It was as follows:

Honoured Sir:—

The commissary general of the musters with your Honour's instructions to review and pay off the garrison at Fort Shirley, arrived in a very lucky time, when the greater part of our men were about to abandon the fort for want of pay. It was with great difficulty I could prevent their doing so, for three weeks before, that is ever since the time of enlistment had been expired. I am sorry to observe that numbers of our best men declined the service and reduced me to the necessity of recruiting anew through diffidence with regard to their pay, and I have been obliged to engage that even such as left us when paid off, should have the same allowance as formerly for their overplus time, depending upon my being reimbursed, as without such engagement, it was impossible to prevent the fort from falling into the enemy's hands. I am now about filling up my company to sixty men, agreeable to your orders, and have drawn upon the commissaries for thirty pounds for this purpose. A garrison of thirty men are now at Fort Shirley, engaged to remain there until the first of May, by which time I am in hopes of continuing the company and shall immediately thereupon repair thither. It is to be feared that our communication with the settlement will soon be cut off unless a greater force

is ordered for the garrison. As your Honour is sensible that I can send no detachment to escort provisions equal in force to parties of the enemy who have lately made attempts upon our frontiers, and considering how short of provisions we have hitherto been kept, the loss of one party upon this duty must reduce us to the last necessity.

Mr. Hugh Crawford is upon the return of Lieutenant and Mr. Thos. Smallman, who acted before as commissary in the fort as ensign to my company. It will be a particular obligation laid upon me to have an exchange of Mr. James Hays for Lieutenant and Mr. Smallman continued. And perhaps Mr. Crawford would be satisfied to fill Mr. Hays' place with Capt. Patterson, as members of that company are of his acquaintance. I have given Mr. Croghan a receipt for what arms and other necessary articles, belonging to him are at Fort Shirley, a copy of which, together with my journal and general return shall be sent by Captain Salter, and find it impossible to arm my men or complete what yet remains of our outworks without them. The guns are preferable to those belonging to the government and I hope will be purchased for our use. The arms being unfit for use, and cartridge boxes, powder and lead being wanted, I will direct a general order to the commissary at once for all these things. It is my desire that the men should be paid once every month, and I have so written the department, and unless we can do this we can expect little satisfaction in serving the public.

The trust your Honour has been pleased to repose in me, in giving me the command of Fort Shirley, calls for my warm acknowledgements and cannot fail of engaging my utmost attention and zeal in the execution of your orders.

It is unnecessary to deal with the capture of Kittanning in this place further than to say that Captain Mercer participated in the action and was wounded; that he was reported as carried off by his ensign and eleven men, who left the main body in their return to take another road; and that upon the return of the expedition to Fort Lyttleton he had not yet arrived. As another example of the manner in which the story of his return has been distorted I quote the following statement from the "Frontier Forts of Pennsylvania:"

"At or about the same time, there was a Company of Cherokee Indians in King's pay, being at Fort Lyttleton, and Captain Hamilton sent some of them to search along the foot of the Allegheny mountains to see if there were any signs of Indians on that route, and these Indians came upon Captain Mercer, unable to rise; they gave him food, and he told them of the other; they took the captain's track and found him and brought him to Fort Lyttleton, carrying him on a bier of their own making. They took fourteen scalps on this expedition."

This is also drawn from Richard Bard's ballad. The Cherokees did not come to Pennsylvania until the summer of 1757. Bard met three of these Indians near Fort Lyttleton in 1758.

Captain Mercer served west of the Susquehanna, 1756-

57, and at Fort Augusta, 1757-58. He was promoted to be major, December 4, 1757. He became colonel-commandant of the 3rd. battalion of the Pennsylvania regiment, May 29, 1758, and colonel of the second battalion, April 13, 1760. He served in both the Forbes and the Bouquet expeditions. General Mercer is worthy of a better biographer than he has yet found.

That Mr. Bard's ballad contained suggestions for all the perils that Mercer is said to have experienced a brief analysis will show. In one stanza he says:

"In hollow logs amongst the leaves,  
At night is mine abode."

This furnished the inspiration for the original inventor of the manner of Mercer's escape at Braddock's defeat, and possibly for Pritts' interpolation in "Border Life," but there is a tradition that Bard hid from the pursuing Indians, immediately after his escape, in a hollow log, and the place was shown to me at Homer City, in Indiana county, where the tradition is cherished as a fact.

The rattlesnake story will be found in full in the ballad, and also the suggestion of the statement that Mercer, being a physician, treated his own wound. And here is the basis for the Cherokee story:

But on the evening of this day  
I met with Indians three:  
Surprised I was, and really thought  
Them enemies to be.

But they proved kind and brought me to  
A place where English dwell,  
Fort Littleton; the place by me  
Was known exceeding well.

The time since I first captive was,  
This is the fourteenth day:  
Five with the Indians and nine since  
From them I ran away.

I believe I have proved my contention.

G. O. SEILHAMER.



Narrative of the Captivity of Richard Bard, Esq.,  
Late of Franklin County, Penn'a, Deceased,  
With His Wife and Family and Others. Collect-  
ed From His Papers by His Son, Archibald Bard.  
Reprinted From Loudon's "Narratives," Together  
With an Interpolation by Joseph Pritts From  
"Border Life."

I.

BEGINNING OF JUDGE BARD'S NARRATIVE.

My father, Richard Bard, lived in York County, now Adams, and owned the mill now called Marshall's mill, in what is called Carroll's tract,\* where, in the morning of the 13th of April, 1758, his house was invested by a party of nineteen Indians. They were discovered by a little girl called Hannah M'Bride, who was at the door, and on seeing them, screamed, and ran into the house. At this time there were in the house, my father, mother, and lieutenant

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\*CARROLL'S DELIGHT, as the tract was named, was a grant of 5000 acres from Lord Baltimore to Daniel Carroll, of Duddington Manor, Prince George's County, Md., from whom it descended at his death in 1735, to his son, Charles, and his daughter, Mary. In 1741, the tract was sold to Archibald Beard, John Withrow, James McGinley and Jeremiah Lochrey. It was afterward found that the tract was within the disputed boundaries of the provinces of Maryland and Pennsylvania, and in 1762 caveats were entered in the land office at Philadelphia against granting warrants for these lands. The controversy was not finally settled until 1802. Bard's Mill, afterward Marshall's, later Myers', and now known as Virginia Mills, was not within the limits of "Carroll's Delight," but adjacent to it.

Thomas Potter, (brother of general Potter) who had come the evening before (being a full cousin) together with a child of about 6 months old, and a bound boy. The Indians rushed into the house and one of them, with a large cutlass in his hand, made a blow at Potter, but he so managed it as to wrest the sword from the Indian, and return the blow, which would have put an end to his existence, had not the point struck the ceiling, which turned the sword so as to cut the Indian's hand. In the meantime, Mr. Bard (my father) laid hold of a horseman's pistol that hung on a nail, and snapped it at the breast of one of the Indians, but there being tow in the pan it did not go off; at this, the Indians seeing the pistol, ran out of the house. By this time one of the Indians at the door had shot at Potter, but the ball took him only in the little finger. The door was now shut and secured as well as possible; but finding the Indians to be very numerous, and having no powder or ball, and as the savages might easily burn down the house by reason of the thatched roof, and the quantity of mill wood piled at the back of the building, added to the declarations of the Indians, that they would not be put to death, determined them to surrender: on which a party of Indians went to a field and made prisoners Samuel Hunter, and Daniel M'Manimy. A lad of the name of William White coming to the mill, was also made a prisoner. Having secured the prisoners, they took all the valuable effects out of the house, and set fire to the mill. They then proceeded towards the mountain, and my mother enquiring of the Indians who had care of her, was informed that they were of the Delaware nation. At the distance of about seventy rods from the house, contrary to all their promises, they put to death Thomas Potter, and having proceeded on the mountain about three or four miles, one of the Indians sunk the spear of his tomahawk into the breast of the small child, and after repeated blows scalped it. After crossing the mountain, they passed the house of Mr. Halbert T——\* and seeing

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\*HALBERT T——, was Albert Torrence, who lived near the bend of the East Conococheague below Scotland. He died in 1776. An illustration of this peculiar spelling is found in the case of his son Albert, 1st lieutenant of Capt John Rea's company, 8th Battalion, Cumberland County Associators, whose name is printed Halbert Torrence in the Pa. Archives, Second Series, Vol. XIV., page 400.

him out, shot at him, but without effect. Thence, passing late in the evening M'Cord's old fort, they encamped about half a mile in the gap. The second day having passed into the Path Valley, they discovered a party of white men in pursuit of them; on which they ordered the prisoners to hasten, for should the whites come up with them, they should be all tomahawked. Having been thus hurried, they reached the top of the Tuskarora mountain and all had sat down to rest, when an Indian without any previous warning, sunk a tomahawk into the forehead of Samuel Hunter, who was seated by my father, and by repeated blows put an end to his existence. He was then scalped, and the Indians, proceeding on their journey, encamped that evening some miles on the north of Sideling Hill. The next day they marched over the Alleghany mountain, through what is now called Blair's gap. On the fifth day, whilst crossing Stony Creek, the wind blew a hat of my father's from the head of the Indian in whose custody he was. The Indian went down the stream some distance before he recovered it. In the mean time my father had passed the creek, but when the Indian returned, he severely beat my father with the gun, and almost disabled him from traveling any farther. And now, reflecting that he could not possibly travel much farther, and that if this was the case, he would be immediately put to death, he determined to attempt his escape that night. Two days before this, the half of my father's head was painted red. This denoted that a council had been held, and that an equal number were for putting him to death and for keeping him alive, and that another council was to have taken place to determine the question. Being encamped, my parents, who before this had not liberty to speak to one another, were permitted to assist each other in plucking a turkey, and being thus engaged, the design of escaping was communicated to my mother. After some of the Indians had laid down, and one of them was amusing the others, with dressing himself with a gown of my mother's, my father was called to go for water. He took a quart and emptying it of what water it contained, stepped about six rods down to the spring.\* My mother perceiving this, succeeded so well in confining the attention

of the Indians to the gown, that my father had got about one hundred yards, when the Indians from one fire, cried to those of another, "your man is gone." They ran after him, and one having brought back the quart, said, "here is the quart, but no man." They spent two days in looking after him, while the prisoners were confined in the camp; but after an unsuccessful search, they proceeded down the stream to the Allegheny river, thence to fort Duquesne, now fort Pitt. After remaining there one night and a day, they went about twenty miles down the Ohio, to an Indian town, on entering which a squaw took a cap off my mother's head, and with many others severely beat her. Now almost exhausted with fatigue, she requested leave to remain at this place, but was told she might, if she preferred being scalped to proceeding. They then took her to a town called Cususkey. On arriving at this place, Daniel M'Manimy was detained outside of the town, but my mother, the two boys and girl, were taken into the town, at the same time having their hair pulled, faces scratched, and beaten in an unmerciful manner. Here I shall extract from my father's papers the maner and circumstances of M'Manimy's death. This account appears to have been obtained from my mother, shortly after her return, who received it from those who had been eye witnesses of the tragical scene. The Indians formed themselves into a circle, round the prisoner, and commenced by beating him; some with sticks, and some with tomahawks. He was then tied to a post near a large fire, and after being tortured some time with burning coals, they scalped him, and put the scalp on a pole to bleed before his face. A gun barrel was then heated red hot, and passed over his body, and with a red hot bayonet they pierced his body with many repetitions. In this manner they continued torturing him, singing and shouting, until he expired. Shortly after this, my mother

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\*THE SPRING where Mr. Bard made his escape is on the farm of John McGhee, about a mile west of Homer City, in Indiana county, Pa. Tradition points to M'Conachey's cliff, at the bridge a short distance below the Pa. R. R. station, as the place where he concealed himself in a hollow log when the Indians were in pursuit of him.

set out from this place, leaving the two boys and girl, whom she never saw again, until they were liberated. She was now distressed beyond measure; going she knew not where, without a comforter, without a companion, and expecting to share the fate of M'Manimy in the next town she would reach. In this distressed situation she met a number of Indians among whom was a captive woman. To her my mother made known her fears, on which she was informed that her life was not in danger, for that belt of wampum, said she, about your neck, is a certain sign, that you are intended for an adopted relation. They, soon after, arrived at a town, and being taken into the council-house, two squaws entered in and one stepped up and struck my mother on the side of her head. Perceiving that the other was about to follow this example, she turned her head and received a second blow. The warriors were highly displeased, such acts in a council-house being contrary to usage. Here a chief took my mother by the hand, and delivered her to two Indian men, to be in the place of a deceased sister. She was put in charge of a squaw in order to be cleanly clothed. She had remained here, with her adopted friends near a month, when her party began to think of removing to the headwaters of the Susquehanna, a journey of about two hundred miles. This was very painful to my mother, having already traveled above two hundred miles over mountains and swamps until her feet and legs were extremely swollen and sore. Fortunately, on the day of their setting out, a horse was given to her by her adopted brother; but before they had traveled far, one of the horses in the company died, when she was obliged to surrender hers to supply its place. After proceeding on her journey some miles, they were met by a number of Indians, one of whom told her not to be discouraged, as a peace was about to take place shortly, when she would have leave to return home. To this information she was the more disposed to give credit, as it came from one who was a chief counselor in the Delaware nation with whom she was a prisoner. Having arrived near the end of her journey, to her great surprise, she saw a captive dead by the road side, having

been tomahawked and scalped. She was informed that he had endeavored to escape, but was overtaken at this place. On arriving at the place of destination, having, in all, traveled near five hundred miles, the fatigue which she had undergone, with cold and hunger, brought on a severe fit of sickness, which lasted near two months. In this doleful situation, having no person to comfort, or sympathize with her, a blanket was her only covering, and her bed was the cold earth, in a miserable cabin; boiled corn was her only food. She was reduced to so weak a state as to consider herself as approaching the verge of dissolution. But recovering from her sickness, she met with a woman with whom she had been formerly acquainted. This woman had been in captivity some years, and had an Indian husband by whom she had one child. My mother reproved her for this, but received for answer, that before she had consented, they had tied her to a stake in order to burn her. She added, that as soon as their captive women could speak the Indian tongue, they were obliged to marry some one of them, or be put to death. This information induced her to determine never to learn the Indian language, and she adhered to this determination all the time she remained with them, from the day of her captivity to that of her releasement, a space of two years and five months. She was treated during this time, by her adopted relations, with much kindness; even more than she had reason to expect.

I shall now return to the narration of facts respecting my father, after he had made his escape from the Indians as before stated. It will be perceived that the following verses were composed by Richard Bard shortly after his wife's releasement, and were not intended for publication, but as they contain the most correct statement that can at this day be procured on the subject, it has been thought proper to publish them, omitting all that has a relation to anything previous to his escape:

'Bove six score miles we now have marched,  
 Yet fifty doth remain,  
 Between us and the bloody place,  
 Where standeth Fort Duquesne.

At three rods distance from a run,  
 Encamped this night are we:  
 But when for drink they do me send  
 No more they see of me.

Alas! for me to go 'tis hard,  
 Since with them is my wife,  
 Yet 'tis the way that God ordained  
 For me to save my life.

The omitted part of the ballad was as follows:

On a woeful day the heathen came, And did us captives make: And then the miseries commenced, Of which we did partake.	And so all went away. With us our child they captive take, A child of tender age: Five more young persons are Exposed to cruel rage.
Nineteen the number of them was, And in the house they came: But battle unto them we gave, And drove them out again.	And now together when we're sum- med, The number is just nine: Which these most cruel Indians Have captured at this time.
One of the foremost that came With him a cutlass brought: But cousin Potter took the same: As they together fought.	Not far, however, did we go Ere to a hill we came, Where they our cousin Potter's blood Inhumanly did spill.
At one a pistol I did snap, But off it did not go: "A pistol! pistol!" he cries out, And from the door they go.	Those hardened savages did act As though they did no wrong, And in his head a tomahawk left, And brought his scalp along.
But ere they go they at us shoot, Us thinking for to kill; But 'mazingly God them deprived Of their malicious will.	Out of my arms my child they took, As we along did go: And to the helpless babe they did Their crueld malice show.
O, terrifying were the screams That we from them did hear; As also was the sight because, They naked did appear. Back of the house they soon ap- pear, "Surrender," they request; And since their number was so great, We thought the same was best.	Both head and heart the tomahawk pierced, In order him to slay; And then they robbed him of his clothes, And brought his scalp away.
Then quickly came they in the house, And made of us their prey: They did us bind and house did rob,	But God the cries of innocent blood, Undoubtedly will hear: And he the same for to avenge Will certainly appear.



But after me they quickly run,  
 Nor doubting of their prize:  
 But God turns into foolishness  
 The wisdom of the wise.

O cruel man in vain you strive,  
 In vain you follow me:  
 For since the Lord gainsaith I can  
 No more your captive be.

"If you do speak," they say to me,  
 "We'll surely at you fire,"  
 When leave to speak unto my wife  
 I did from them desire.

To do a favor leave was asked  
 By my beloved, that she  
 Her love might there manifest,  
 And it express to me.

But they do aggravate our grief,  
 Throughout each doleful hour:  
 No privilege they would allow  
 To speak unto each other.

As we were travelling, they saw  
 A man and at him shot  
 Power and mercy here appeared,  
 For get him they did not.

But forty miles now having gone,  
 This day is at an end;  
 They halt, and here to stay this  
 night  
 Is what they do intend.

And here, the fire and us between,  
 Our infant's scalp they place;  
 Thinking that while we viewed the  
 same,  
 Our sorrows would increase.

And ere they do themselves com-  
 pose  
 In order for to rest,  
 An unseen way they take to bind  
 The poor and the oppressed.

And when the morning's light ap-  
 pears,  
 And we the road pursue,  
 An awful sight is on the same  
 Presented to our view.

For in our sight they tomahawked  
 One who with us was taken:  
 And for a bed to this poor man  
 His blood by them was given.

O, terrifying 'twas indeed  
 To hear his dying screams,  
 And from his head and heart to  
 view  
 Those red and running streams.

But at his terror they did laugh,  
 They mock his dying groans:  
 Most artfully they imitate  
 His last expiring moans.

By reason of the rugged road  
 Our raiment it all tore,  
 And down our legs the blood doth  
 run,  
 Unfelt the like before.

Whilst on the dismal road I think,  
 With wondering filled am I,  
 How it could be that my poor wife  
 Could cross those mountains high.

For I myself did almost faint  
 Under their cruel hands:  
 But it was God that strengthened  
 us,  
 Against their hard commands.

O, may all those that never saw  
 Or felt the like of this,  
 Unto the Lord give praise and  
 thanks,  
 And God forever bless.

With great barbarity we're used,  
 As guilty of a fault,  
 If, we without acquainting them,  
 To take a drink do halt.



God the device can disappoint  
 Of crafty folk and wise:  
 So that perform they can't always  
 Their cruel enterprise.

But now although at liberty,  
 Through mercy I am set,  
 Yet miserable is my life  
 For want of food to eat.

O, dreadful sore my feelings were  
 Which force me to depart,  
 Whilst no provisions I had got  
 My life for to support.

O'er hill that's high, and swamp that's deep  
 I now alone must go:  
 Travelling oh, I suffer much,  
 For bruise my feet I do.

But now to Allegheny hill,  
 At length we come unto,  
 Where those inhuman savages  
 Expose some of us do.

As we ascend this lofty hill,  
 No wonder we're amazed  
 To hear the awful sound that's  
 made  
 When war halloos are raised.

For every scalp and pris'ner gained,  
 A loud halloo they make:  
 As if it were their great delight  
 A human life to take.

The night that we lay on the hill,  
 A snow on us did fall:  
 This was a night of sore distress  
 Unto each of us all.

For we could not come near the  
 fire  
 Through all that night:  
 O had not God sustained us  
 We sure had died outright.

When in the morning we arise,  
 "March on" by them we're told:

But this to us is misery great,  
 Our feet being sore and cold.

At Laurel Hill we found a creek  
 Both high and swift the stream,  
 So by the hand I took my wife,  
 To help her o'er the same.

But for this love I showed to her  
 At me they're in a rage,  
 And nothing else but me to beat,  
 Their anger can assuage.

So great the strokes the cruel foes  
 Have given to me here,  
 That for ten days the bruises do  
 Exceeding plain appear.

The load to carry which they here  
 Did give to me this day,  
 I an account will minute down,  
 From truth I will not stray.

Two bear skins, very large indeed,  
 And one bed quilt also,  
 Two blankets and six pounds of  
 meat,  
 All on my back must go.

Unto a hill I now arrive,  
 About four miles 'tis broad:  
 All over this the snow doth lie  
 Though elsewhere it is thawed.

Much laurel is upon this hill,  
 Its leaves are filled with snow:  
 So I upon my hands and knees,  
 Under the same must go.

My hands through this excessive cold.  
 Extremely swelled are:  
 Of miseries I in this place  
 Abundantly do share.

But 'tis not only in the day,  
 That hardships do abound:  
 For in the night they also do  
 Encompass me around.

In hollow logs amongst the leaves.  
 At night is mine abode;  
 No better lodgings, wet or dry,  
 Throughout this lonely road.

Three days have passed since my escape.  
 And now for three days more,  
 I must lie by and quiet be,  
 My foot's so very sore.

Amazingly my foot is swelled,  
 With heat 'tis in a flame;  
 And though I'm in the desert land,  
 Can't walk, I am so very lame.

But it is not my foot alone  
 That misery is to me,  
 For by not having food to eat,  
 My woes increased be.

Almost five days I now have been,  
 Without the least supplies;  
 Except bark bud which I did pull,  
 As I did pass them by.

Though I'm not able now to walk,  
 I creep upon my knees:  
 To gather herbs that I may eat,  
 My stomach to appease.

But whilst I'm roving thus about  
 A rattlesnake at speed,  
 I view a running unto me;  
 This mercy is indeed.

For by this snake I am supplied,  
 When kill the same I do;  
 How reasonable this mercy is,  
 None but myself can know.

The rattlesnake, both flesh and bone  
 All but the head I eat:  
 And though 'twas raw it seemed to me  
 Exceeding pleasant meat.

Full souls do loathe the honey comb  
 When they've enough to eat:  
 But unto him that hungry is,  
 Each bitter thing is sweet.

When ripened is my healing foot,  
 Which mightily did ache,  
 I with a thorn did pierce the same,  
 And so of ease partake.

But lest my foot I further hurt,  
 My breeches tear I do:  
 And round my foot I do them tie,  
 That I along may go.

But when to walk I do attempt,  
 Gives me excessive pain:  
 Yet I must travel with sore foot,  
 Or die and here remain.

So when a few miles I did go,  
 Unto a hill I come:  
 Whilst on the lofty top thereof,  
 I thought I heard a drum.

And judging people to be near,  
 On them I gave a call;  
 But sure there was no one to hear,  
 Being weak, conceit was all.

But by these calls for help I gave,  
 I evidently see,  
 That I'm more spent than what I thought,  
 Or judged myself to be.

For though I'd raise my voice as high  
 As I had power to do,  
 'Bove fifty rods it can't be heard,  
 'Tis so exceeding low.

Being now eight days since I escaped,  
 I to a river came:  
 Whilst wading it I suffered much,  
 Being so very lame.

But having Juniata crossed,  
 I to a mountain came:  
 With cold I ne'er was so distressed  
 As I was on the same.

For in a night that's very cold,  
 I here my lodgings take:  
 And as my clothes were lately wet,  
 I tremble did and shake.

My hands by this excessive cold,  
 Are so benumbed that I  
 Can't move, no, not a single joint,  
 Were it a world to buy.

Then I, though the night was dark,  
 Did homewards march away:  
 Lest I should perish with the cold,  
 Should I for daylight stay.

But on my journey in this night,  
 With joy a fire I see:  
 This was the strangest providence  
 That ever happened me.

For when I by the same do stay,  
 Until the light appear:  
 I see a road just at my hand,  
 Which doth my spirit cheer.

If I had not beheld this fire,  
 This Indian path I crossed:  
 And then, to all appearance, I  
 Must surely have been lost.

Along this path I went in haste,  
 As far as I could make:  
 But 'twas not fast that I could go,  
 I was so very weak.

For I had been nine days and nights,  
 In a most starving state,  
 Not having any means of strength,  
 Except the snake I ate.

But on the evening of this day  
 I met with Indians three:  
 Surprised I was, and really thought  
 Then enemies to be.

But they proved kind and brought me to  
 A place where English dwell,  
 Fort Littleton; the place by me  
 Was known exceeding well.

The time since I first captive was,  
 This is the fourteenth day:  
 Five with the Indians and nine since  
 From them I ran away.

Thanks to the Lord, who did provide  
 Food in the wilderness  
 For me, as did preserve  
 My life whilst in distress.

Thanks to the Lord, because that he  
 In desert's pathless way,  
 Directed me so that I did  
 At no time go astray.

And now from bondage though I'm freed,  
 Yet she that's my beloved,  
 Is to a land that's far remote,  
 By Indians removed.

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## II.

### INTERPOLATION BY MR. PRITTS.

I shall now return to the narration of facts respecting my father, after he had made his escape from the Indians as before stated.

The Indians, as soon as he was missed, gave chase. Finding himself closely pursued, he hid in a hollow log until they had gone by and out of hearing, when, turning in a different direction, he resumed his flight. Two days,

it has been said, were spent by the Indians in search of him; in the mean time, with much fatigue and suffering, he came to a mountain four miles across, and at the top covered with snow. By this time he was almost exhausted, having traveled nearly constantly for two days and nights, and being without food, except a few buds plucked from the trees as he went along; his shoes were worn out; and the country he traveled through being extremely rough and in many places covered with briars of a poisonous nature, his feet were very much lacerated and swollen. To add to his difficulties the mountain was overgrown with laurel and the snow lodged upon its leaves so bent it down that he was unable in many places to get along in his weak condition, except by creeping upon his hands and knees under the branches. Three days had now elapsed since his escape; and although he feared that the Indians were still in pursuit of him, and that by traveling along the mountain they would find his tracks in the snow, and by that means be led to his place of concealment, yet he found himself so lame that he could proceed no farther. His hands also, by crawling upon them in the snow, became almost as much swollen as his feet. He was therefore compelled to lye by, without much prospect indeed of ever proceeding any farther on his journey. Besides the danger of being overtaken by his savage pursuers, he was in fact in a starving condition, not having tasted food since his escape, except the buds already mentioned, plucked as he journeyed on from the beanwood or red-bud tree, as it is called. On the fifth day, however, as he was creeping on his hands and knees (not being able yet to walk) in search of buds or herbs to appease his hunger, he was fortunate enough to see a rattlesnake, which he killed and ate raw. After lying by three or four days, he allayed the swelling of his feet, by puncturing the festered parts with a thorn; he then tore up his breeches, and with the pieces bound up his feet as well as he could. Thus prepared, he again set out upon his journey, limping along with great pain; but he had no other alternative, except to remain where he was and die. He had gone but a few miles when, from a hill he had just ascended, he was startled by the welcome sound of a drum; he called

as loud as he could, but there was no one to answer; it was but a delusion of the imagination. Sad and disappointed he journeyed on again, and on the eighth day crossed the Juniata by wading it, which on account of his lameness, he accomplished with great difficulty. It was now night and very cold, and his clothes being wet, he was so benumbed that he was afraid to lie down lest he should perish; and he, therefore, lame and wearied as he was, determined to pursue his journey, although it was very dark. Providential circumstance! for in the course of the night as he wandered on, he scarcely knew whither, he was attracted by the sight of a fire apparently abandoned the day before, probably by a party of the settlers who were out in pursuit of the savages. Remaining here till morning, he discovered a path leading in the direction of the settlements, which he followed with as much speed as he was able. This was the ninth day since his escape, during which time a few buds and four snakes were all he had to subsist on. In the afternoon of this day he was alarmed by suddenly meeting at a turn of his path three Indians; but they proved friendly, and instead of killing him, as he expected when he first saw them, they conducted him in a few hours to Fort Littleton\* (in Bedford county,) a place well known to him, where he remained a few days, until sufficiently recruited in strength to proceed home.

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### III.

## CONCLUSION OF JUDGE BARD'S NARRATIVE.

Some time after my father's return home, he went to fort Pitt, which was then in the hands of the English, and

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\*FORT LITTLETON, properly Fort Lyttleton, was situated at the Sugar Cabins, in what is now Dublin township, Fulton county. Its site is often confounded with Burnt Cabins, a few miles distant. It was on the new road to the Ohio, built to furnish General Braddock with supplies. "I have called it Fort Lyttleton," Governor Morris wrote Feb. 9, 1756, "in honour of my friend George."



a number of Indians being on the opposite side of the river, about to form a treaty, he one evening went over, to make inquiry concerning my mother. My father observed among them several who were present when he was taken prisoner; to these he discovered himself. But they professed not to know him, on which he enquired of them if they did not recollect having been at the taking of nine persons, referring them to the time and place. They then acknowledged it, and enquired of him how he got home, &c. after which he made enquiry concerning my mother, but they said they knew nothing of her, but promised to give him some information by the time of his return the next day. He then returned to the fort. Shortly after this, a young man who had been taken by the Indians when a child, followed him, and advised him not to return, for that when he had left them he had heard them say, that they never had a stronger desire for anything than to have sunk the tomahawk into his head, and that they had agreed to kill him on his return next day. After this man had requested my father not to mention anything of his having been with him, or of the subject of their conversation, he returned to camp.

I may here state that from the time that my father was taken by the Indians, until my mother was released, he did little else than wander from place to place in quest of information respecting her, and after he was informed where she was, his whole mind bent upon contriving plans for her redemption. Desiring with this view to go again to Pittsburg, he fell in with a brigade of wagons commanded by Mr. Irvine; with them he proceeded as far as Bedford, but finding this a tedious way of traveling, he spoke to the commanding officer of the place to get captain White Eyes,\* who commanded a party of Indians, to promise to accompany him to Pittsburg. This was accordingly done.

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\*WHITE EYES, alias Koquethagachton, was a celebrated captain and counsellor of the Delawares of the Ohio country. He was a warm friend of the Moravian mission in Ohio, and on Dunmore's War and the Revolution he earnestly strove to keep the Delawares neutral. While on a visit to Washington, D. C., in 1902, a great-grandson of Capt. White Eyes was introduced by Senator Quay, of Pennsylvania, to Senator Bard, of California, a great-grandson of Richard Bard.

and the Indians having agreed to take him safe to Pitt, my father set out with them, having a horse and a new rifle. They had proceeded but about two miles, when an Indian turned off the road and took up a scalp which that morning had been taken off one of the wagoners. This alarmed my father not a little; but having proceeded about ten miles further, the Indians again turned off the road, and brought several horses and a keg of whiskey which had been concealed. Shortly after this, the Indians began to drink so as to become intoxicated. White Eyes then signified to my father that as he had ran off from them, he would then shoot him, and raised his gun to take aim; but my father, stepping behind a tree, ran round it while the Indian followed. This for a time gave great amusement to the bystanders, until a young Indian stepped up, twisted the gun out of the hands of White Eyes, and hid it under a log. The Indians became considerably intoxicated, and scattered, leaving White Eyes with my father. White Eyes then made at him with a large stick, aiming at his head, but my father threw up his arm, and received so severe a blow as to blacken it for weeks. At this time an Indian of another nation, who had been sent as an express to Bedford, came by. Captain White Eyes applied to him for his gun to shoot my father, but the Indian refused, as they were about making peace, and the killing of my father would bring on another war: (being of different nations they were obliged to speak in English.) By this time my father, finding himself in a desperate situation, resolved at all events to attempt an escape; he said to captain White Eyes, our horses are going away, and went towards them, expecting every minute to receive a ball in his back, but on coming up to his horse, he got on him and took to the road; he had gone but a short distance when he saw the Indian who had taken the gun out of White Eyes' hand sleeping at a spring, and I have often heard him say, had it have been any of the other Indians, he would have shot him. Fearing pursuit, he rode as fast as his horse could go, and, having traveled all night, he got to Pittsburg the next morning shortly after sunrise, and he was not there more than three hours until the Indians were in after him: but from a fear of in-

jury being done my mother, should he kill them, he suppressed his anger, and passed the matter by. Here he had an opportunity of writing her a letter, requesting her to inform her adopted friends, that if they would bring her in he would pay them forty pounds. But having waited for an answer until he became impatient, he bargained with an Indian to go and steal her away. But the night before he was to start he declined going, saying that he would be killed if he went. In this situation he resolved at all hazards to go himself and bring her; for which purpose he set out and went to a place on the Susquehannah, I think it was called Shamokin, not far from what is called the Big Cherry Trees.\* From here he set out on an Indian path, along which he had traveled until evening, when he was met by a party of Indians who were bringing in my mother; the Indians passed him by and raised the war halloo—my mother felt distressed at their situation, and my father perceiving the Indians not to be in a good humor, began to promise them their pay, as he had promised by letter, when they would come to Shamokin, but the Indians told him that if he got them among the whites he would then refuse to pay them, and that they would then have no redress; finding they were thus apprehensive, he told them to keep him as a hostage out in the woods and send his wife into town, and he would send an order for the money to be paid them, and that if it was not done they might do with him as they pleased. This had the desired effect—they got quite good humored and brought them in, on doing which the money was paid agreeably to promise. Before my father and mother left Shamokin, he requested an Indian who had been an adopted brother of my mother, if ever he came down amongst the white people to call and see him. Accordingly, some time afterwards the Indian paid him a visit, he living then about ten miles from Chambersburg. The Indian having continued for some time with him, went to a tavern, known by the name of M'Cormack's, and there

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\*BIG CHERRY TREES was near the present town of Sunbury, then generally called Shamokin.

became somewhat intoxicated, when a certain Newgen,\* (since executed in Carlisle for stealing horses,) having a large knife in his hand, struck it into the Indian's neck, edge foremost, designing thereby to thrust it in between the bone and throat, and by drawing it forward to cut his throat, but he partly missed his aim, and only cut the forepart of the windpipe. On this Newgen had to escape from justice; otherwise the law would have been put in force against him. And it has been remarked, that ever after he continued to progress in vice until his death. A physician was brought to attend the Indian; the wound was sewed up, and he continued at my father's until he had recovered; when he returned to his own people, who put him to death, on the pretext of his having, as they said, joined the white people.

In August, 1764, (according to the best accounts of the time,) my father and his family, from fear of the Indians, having moved to my grandfather Thomas Poe's, about three miles from his own place, he took a black girl with him to his own place to make some hay—and being there at his work, a dog which he had with him began to bark and run towards and from a thicket of bushes. Observing these circumstances he became alarmed, and taking up his gun, told the girl to run to the house, for he believed there were Indians near. So they made towards the house, and had not been there more than an hour, when from the loft of the house they saw a party, commanded by Captain Potter, late General Potter, in pursuit of a party of Indians who had that morning murdered a school master of the name of Brown, with ten small children, and scalped and left for dead one by the name of Archibald McCullough, who recovered and was

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\*NEWGEN means Nugent; he was one of a noted family of outlaws that lived on the Falling Spring, near Chambersburg, Pa. Three Nugent brothers were mentioned in their father's will, proved in 1762 William, Benjamin and James. William and Benjamin were indicted a number of times for felonies, but generally managed to jump their bail. The name of James Nugent is not found in the criminal records of Cumberland county for twenty years after indictments began to be found against his elder brothers, but finally at a court of oyer and terminer held at Carlisle before Thomas M'Kean, Chief Justice, and George Bryan, Justice, a jury was empaneled May 26, 1780, to try Benjamin Nugent and James Nugent for "felony and robbery;" they were sentenced to be hanged, May 29, 1780.

living not long since. It was remarkable that with but few exceptions, the scholars were much averse to going to school that morning. And the account given by McCullough is, that when the master and scholars met at the school, two of the scholars informed him that on their way they had seen Indians, but the information was not attended to by the master, who ordered them to their books; soon afterwards two old Indians and a boy rushed up to the door. The master seeing them, prayed them only to take his life and spare the children; but unfeelingly the two old Indians stood at the door whilst the boy entered the house and with a piece of wood, made in the form of an Indian maul, killed the master and scholars, after which the whole of them were scalped.

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\*MASSACRE OF THE SCHOOL CHILDREN—Enoch Brown and his scholars—eleven in number—were killed and scalped by the Indians, July 26, 1764. The school-house was at what was known as Guitner's school-house in later years.





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